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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

To a Successful Actress.

No buds that I know of will teach you
The lesson of promise and pain,
No flowers would live till they reach you.
Is the rattle of travel and trains;
But the best that I have I will send you.
It has grown in the sunshine and rains,
And out of my turmoil I lend you
One thought that is all that remains.

I care not how far you may travel,
Or how great is the distance between,
You cannot, forgetting, survive
The chains that are rosy and green.
My day-dreams shall seek you and find you,
As the thirsty soul seeks for a stream,
And my fancy shall catch you and bind you
In the mesh of a beautiful dream.

Oh, never, believe me, are blighted
Those hours in the hurry and press,
When I walked in my desert, delighted
To know you would sweep to success.
Not once have I dreamed yet or counted
On calling one favor my own—
Only waiting to hear you have mounted
And sat down on your ivory throne.

And then, when the daylight has broken
On the peaks of the far promised land,
You will know that one man who has spoken
Had held of your good angel's hand.
When the chaplets and triumphs are flung,
Remember the friend who was true,
And who plucked a few buds as he flung,
All daisies and dews—for you.

Stay there in my starlight forever,
Untouched by the strife and dishonor,
To remember my little endeavor,
My beautiful Diane Madonna.
Some things are endeared and endearing
In a world that is drunken and mad,
And of all that's allowed or alluring
I gave you the best that I had.

NYM CRINKLE.

The Winter's Tale is not a great play. It has some marks of the master's hand in it. Some of its lines have gone into our common language and some of its poetry nestles lovingly in the heart of Boston civilization.

But from the dramatic point of view the play has little to recommend it at our day. Leontes is an unreasonable brute no less than a tyrant, and Hermione awakens only our pity at her unnecessary fate and our disgust at her husband. Much of the language is involved and archaic, and the situations, to be effective, involve something very like clap-net, as when Apollo answers with his thunder the defiance of the King, as if he were Jupiter Tonans himself.

But that which is not dramatic can be made pictorial and charming, and that is what Miss Anderson has made it. A wealth of ingenuity has been expended on its details, its setting and its human adjuncts, and the result is a singularly beautiful and fantastic entertainment in which the Arcadian airs and pastoral delights woo us with a strange delight.

No better proof can be had of the undramatic character of the play than the fact that the great triumph of the representation on Monday night was the elaborate and pretty shepherd's dance of the fourth act. As here done it is virtually an interpolation; but it was so aptly pastoral, so fresh in its abandonment, and so clearly reproductive of the Hellenic tradition, and withal so picturesque, that the audience fairly rose at it.

Miss Anderson has caught Mr. Irving's trick in thus appealing to the eye with her whole stage. A few years ago she appealed mainly with her voice. Now she has learned the pictorial scale of values.

I think it may be said of her in selecting this play that she has reached a clearer comprehension of what she can best do, and has abandoned the ultra-tragic and the condign emotional.

At least, I hope so. Miss Anderson is first of all picturesque. When she isn't a statue she is a cartoon. She cannot make people weep. But she can fill their hearts with joy when she doesn't try to.

I don't think there is a tear on earth that can trace its origin to her genius.

I don't think she knows what suffering is, and this blessed ignorance is dead against her making people believe that she has a pang to exhibit. She is not so sympathetic as vital. Her muscles predominate over her nerves. She expends in action what genius conserves in feeling. She has a magnificent deep, mellow voice. But she leans on it. She has a large, girlish figure, but it is not heroic except in pose. In searching for classic similitudes to characterize her Grecian contour and Hellenic head one does not think of Daphne or Diana so much as of Penelope—and her most ardent admirers have celebrated her as Penelope was celebrated, not for her conquests but for her constancy.

Have let me say that I concede once and for

all that Miss Anderson's personal career has been from the start honorable, spotless, discreet.

I coincide, without argument, in all that has been stated by and superfluously said about her exemplary personality. I allow her social position, her private traits, her home habits, her unimpeached parentage, her affection for her relations, her congenial health, her excellent conscience, her admirable organization, her delightful nationality, her transcendent cleanliness of mind, her supreme hygienic condition, her innate prejudice in favor of the true and beautiful.

But while acknowledging all this I ask myself if these are matters with which the public reviewer has anything to do. I cannot quite believe that Miss Anderson invites public criticism of what is purely accidental and private.

We are bound to admire rectitude of charac-

Anderson by the effusive admirers who insist upon talking about her instead of her work. It is as an actress only that we are warranted to discuss her.

In many respects I regard her choice of The Winter's Tale as one of the cleverest things of her career. It is the recognition of the limitations no less than of the advantages of her talents. She got away from the idea that Mary Anderson was all that the public wanted and began to perceive that the public wanted only that which Miss Anderson could best do.

That she can do Juliet, will, I believe, be apparent to any honest observer. And the reason is that Hermione and Perdita do not make the passionate demands upon her that Juliet makes. Juliet fills the scene with an intense, electric, amatory love. It transcends all conventional bounds. It makes no sort of differ-

erence between the shepherd's dance into an Arcadian picture that has never been surpassed on canvas or on the stage. The drama has in fact been heightened into a panorama that continually feeds the eye, and it moves to airs of Arcady cunningly softened and fades out in mellow hues that lull us to dreamy tolerance.

Miss Anderson from first to last is seen in a subdued light. She no longer depends upon her trumpet declamation. That slightly acid histrionism that she originally brought from the West has lost its glittering corners. A mellow radiance from the studio of Tadema settles upon her. Her virginal austerity gives way in the wantonness of rustic innocence. She never could exhibit the abandon of passion in Juliet, but she has accomplished the abandon of the shepherdess in Perdita. One appeal was to the feelings; the other is to the eye. One was passion; the other is motion. She throws herself into the dance with the de-

groups, the drapery, the iridescence, the perfume of swaying censers, the organ tones, the scarlet against the cool greys burning there in our recollection. But Benrdick rose no higher and plunged no deeper for it all.

Then we saw the spiritual poem of Faust—that masterpiece of ethical philosophy in which the destiny of man is wrought out in the conflict of good and evil, put into the kaleidoscope of realism and made entertaining with the mumbo-jumbo of stage craft.

People who had never read Goethe, and wouldn't know what he was talking about if they had, saw the most vivid realization of the traditional devil and the most startling Brocken that had ever been mounted.

Mr. Irving taught us a great deal in the subordination of color and sound and in the focusing of effects to a given purpose. Nobody lavished such a wealth of good taste upon the tissues and textures of Shakespeare.

This, I think, is the natural outcome of an æstheticism that cannot create but that can arrange and elaborate.

Miss Anderson has learned the trick of the decorator. We come to her production of The Winter's Tale very much as we should come to one of those elegant salons to which every art has contributed. The muses are no longer present in person, but they speak to us in the furniture, in the frescoes, in the hired musicians, in the propriety of the guests.

There is an acknowledgment on Miss Anderson's part in all this—just as there was on Mr. Irving's part—that the gifts of Miss Anderson are not heroic and compulsory enough to do without the assistance of all the sister arts.

She cannot, like Salvini or Ristori or Cushman, defy scenery and ride over the conventionalities with imperial sweep. But she can, like Irving, compel admiration and arouse infinite delight by a composite art that seizes upon every adjunct and makes a picture of every circumstance.

I think the acknowledgment ought to be accepted thankfully. Miss Anderson, in the early part of her career, deserved more praise for her boundless self-confidence than for her achievements. She came full armed into the conflict to do the Alexandrine feat, and before she had been in the fray six months she was sighing for other worlds to conquer.

This amiable and overweening quality of youth is not so glaring as it was. In gaining modesty she has gained strength. The subduing influences are apparent in her face, her voice, her arms. She doesn't care so much about telegraphing the white symbolism of passion or gyrating the poison scene. She is content to let her natural talents flow deliciously into Perdita. She no longer says knowledge—it is so-ledge. Here and there Miss Ellen Terry's cadences are heard. But aside from all this The Winter's Tale will fascinate you. There is a flavor to it that is like Keats' poetry.

Of the English company I have nothing to say that is not commendatory, though the excellence appears more distinctly in the ensemble than in the individual efforts. Mr. J. H. Barnes, who was the Leontes, does not, I should say, play the part *con amore*. I thought he betrayed his modern contempt for the tyrant on several occasions. I do not blame him. I believe that to play a part well an actor's heart should be in it. I cannot imagine anyone putting his heart into Leontes. Mrs. John Billington, the Paulina, was recognized instantly as a capable actress, and Mr. J. G. Taylor succeeded admirably in lifting Antiochus to a momentary height of comedy.

The Winter's Tale may be accepted as one of the prettiest, brightest and most illusive rehabilitations of Shakespeare that we have had here. To the man of cultivated taste it will appeal with a hundred exquisite suggestions. To the many admirers of Mary Anderson it will offer that actress in a new and chastened garb of art. To the public at large it will furnish a series of unexampled pictures whose influence cannot help being benignant.

NYM CRINKLE.

Roland Reed was standing in the box office of the Memphis Theatre on last Thursday, when an old countryman approached, and recognizing Mr. Reed asked him if the house would be as good as on the night previous. Mr. Reed promptly answered that the house would be bigger. The old man, with a guileless smile, said he thought the house would be the same size. This reverses the ancient apothegm of a Roland for an Oliver.



BELLE ARCHER.

er in this world I know. But in public competition we never estimate skill from the moral point of view. You do not engage an architect because he loves his wife, or get your portrait painted by the artist whose claim is that he never beat his children. You weigh the preacher by his eloquence, not by the baths he takes. Men and women who aim to be artists undertake to do a specific thing before the world. The world assembles to decide on the specific thing.

Now it should be said that in the specific thing of acting the chances are that Joan of Arc or St. Cecilia would not play Lady Macbeth as well as Mesalina or Lucretia Borgia.

There is such a thing as a Tuxedo scale of moral values. The people who use it would measure the Mill's goddess with a marriage certificate and read their prayers out of an Erie Directory.

Great injustice has been done Miss Mary

once how you elaborate or pad or paint or illumine the scene, Juliet is its throbbing focus.

How unlike this is The Winter's Tale! The heroine's fate is just a little beyond the domain of human interest. The injustice of her accusation and the formal dignity of her protests belong to another order of theme. She passes away before the play is half over, the interest in her ceases, the continuity is broken. In place, therefore, of a sustained motive we have a double can vas upon which are two unlike themes. One is mythologic and melodramatic, the other is idyllic and pastoral. It is Claude Lorraine and Claude Duval together—Elizabethan cruelty and Hellenic sweetness. Upon such a tapestry the skillful manager and the sagacious actress can embroider almost any decorative work without disturbing the integrity of background.

This is what Miss Anderson has done. She has built up the trial scene with human adjuncts and mythologic thunder. She has elab-

orated the shepherd's dance into an Arcadian picture that has never been surpassed on canvas or on the stage. The drama has in fact been heightened into a panorama that continually feeds the eye, and it moves to airs of Arcady cunningly softened and fades out in mellow hues that lull us to dreamy tolerance.

The strain is gone.

One sees here the specific influence of the English school upon Mary Anderson. Mr. Irving, who may be said to be at the head of that school, has diverted the English drama from histrionism to pictorialism. He has abandoned the study for the studio. His attempt is not to embody events but to illumine them.

Nobody ever gave color such an importance upon the stage as he. Shakespeare in his hands underwent a sea-change and in ceasing to be a poet became a panorama.

He painted Much Ado About Nothing until his pigments stood alone. We remember the

At the Theatre.

PALMER'S THEATRE—THE WINTER'S TALE.

Leontes..... J. H. Barnes
 Camillo..... Miss Moore
 Antigonus..... J. Maclean
 Cloten..... George Ward
 Diogenes..... Arthur Lewis
 Dione..... Mr. Raphael
 A Councillor..... Sydney Keres
 Polixenes..... Herbert Waring
 Florizel..... Mr. W. C. York
 Archidamus..... Lemmon Ward
 An Old Shepherd..... Mr. Sainsbury
 Cloten..... J. A. Anderson
 Autolycus..... J. G. Taylor
 Paulina..... Miss John Billington
 Emilia..... Miss Tessie
 First Lady..... Miss Labadie
 Second Lady..... Miss Russell
 Mopsa..... Miss Tibbitts
 Dorcas..... Mary Avron
 Hermione..... Mary Anderson
 Perdita..... Mary Anderson

On Tuesday evening, at Palmer's Theatre, Mary Anderson made her long-promised debut in *The Winter's Tale*, "doubling," herself, the parts of Hermione and Perdita.

The audience was large and kindly, the setting of the piece beautiful, and the whole representation highly picturesque and interesting, yet the evening's result must be recorded as to the finer critical taste—a grave disappointment.

It might have been hoped that, in her five years' interim of London experience, Miss Anderson would have grown in artistic stature, and added to her personal charm some of those finer graces of artistic culture which have not formerly been prominent in her work. But, like the Bourbons, she seems to have neither learned nor forgotten. On the hearing of Tuesday evening she appears just what she has hitherto been—a woman of exceptional beauty of person and grace, and charm of voice and manner, with good stage knowledge and a fair intelligence; of subtle intuition, refined method and dramatic instinct or fire, but scanty store.

Her Hermione is statuesque and pleasing, but in deeper conception or feeling, little more. Where she has merely to be graceful or winning, as in her pleading with Polixenes, and her motherly sportiveness with the boy Mamillius, she was charming. In the graver elements of the role, especially in the crucial trial scene, she was far from strong. A certain tendency to exaggeration of gesture and facial expression has grown upon her till at some points it borders unpleasantly on caricature. Her defiance of Leontes' accusations, her suffering dignity in the trial, were all given with hard mechanical method and little of real pathos or subtle suggestion.

As Perdita, where her work lies almost exclusively in being lovely, she has an easy task, and one quite in her own line. Her gentle coquetry with Florizel, and her innocent, boy-dishal friskiness with the country lads and lazes, were admirable. Of her personal grace and ease in the country dance it might be hard to say too much in praise.

In the Hamlet-like effulgence of the statue Miss Anderson was at her best again, a charm which vanished when she was called on to move and speak. Her descent from the pedestal and the pleading anxiety of her approach to Leontes—especially in a certain exaggerated way of throwing forward the neck and chin and an almost haggard rolling of the eyes—was comparatively stiff, mannered, and hard.

Miss Anderson, it is pleasant to state, pronounces her lines with beautiful clearness and accuracy of enunciation, and with her well-known rich and deep, though sometimes excessive sonority of tone. On the other hand her reading of Shakespeare's noble verse is usually primitive and often distinctly faulty.

As to the supporting cast we gladly take refuge in the time-honored phrase, "the less said the better." The late Sir Francis Head once published a book called *"A Fagot of French Sticks."* If for French we read English, we have a succinct definition of Miss Anderson's company. They all talk in the thick, choky guttural so distinctive of the Cockney second-rate actor, which makes them unintelligible anywhere back of the front rows. They all murder their lines with a serene insensibility to taste and meaning, which the long-suffering auditor would be glad temporarily to share. In this regard J. H. Barnes, who, as Leontes, ought to be the second best actor in the piece, is a chief sinner.

One or two of their little "fads" in the matter of pronunciation strike oddly on hearers trained on Webster and Worcester. Their manner of pronouncing knowledge *no ledge*, for instance, will always seem apocryphal to any orthoepist not trained in an English College.

To this dispraise some exception may be made for a little tart and vixenish acting by Mrs. John Billington as Pauline, and some good character work by J. G. Taylor in the humorous role of Autolycus.

The staging, on the other hand, was without exception beautiful, artistic, and elaborate in a high degree. Mr. Irving's Lyceum artists could do no better. If space allowed we might enlarge indefinitely on the picturesque charm of the classic fete in the first act, the realistic naturalness of the crowd at the trial, the delightful grace and charm of the rural scene in the fourth act and the beautiful management of the statue scene. The rustic dance of the peasants was what the French call a *clown*—one of the sensational bits which help to lighten a good piece or carry off a bad one. It was stormily applauded and, but for Miss Anderson's gentle deprecation, might have been kept up till midnight.

A large audience greeted *A Legal Wreck* at

the People's on Monday night. The play was given with the same cast and the same scenery that marked its sojourn at the Madison Square. Sidney Drew as Lawyer Merriam carried off the honors. Alfred Hudson, Sidney Smith, George Fawcett, Boyd Putnam, Lilla Vane, Mrs. Fanny Denham Rouse and others acquitted themselves creditably and to the complete satisfaction of the auditors. Next week, Paul Kauvar.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—THE UNDER CURRENT.

Captain Debaron..... William A. Whitecar
 Bertie Moberg..... James P. Fawcett
 Ryer..... Dominick Murray
 Bordi..... George Barnum
 Doctor Saul..... Henry Walton
 Lawyer Chantrey..... John A. Ellsler
 Miss..... Charles E. Thropp
 The Fishery Mount..... Allie Phillips
 The Man of the Smithy..... T. H. Glenn
 Tassie..... Kenneth Lee
 Rosa Sadleigh..... Mercedes Miles
 Alice Sadleigh..... Laura Almonsoe
 Claire Debaron..... Alice Hood
 Mother Hundreds..... Max Sylvia
 Slenah..... Lizzie St. Quentin

A wild, incoherent melodrama called *The Under Current* received its initial performance at Niblo's on Tuesday evening. It would have been much better for the reputation of the author, Augustin Daly, if it had been its last and only representation.

The said Daly is also the "author" of many German comedies which have achieved more or less success with metropolitan audiences. But his first love was lurid melodrama, and at the beginning of his career he concocted two pieces entitled *Under the Gaslight* and *A Flash of Lightning*, which acted for many years as a kind of safety valve for his morbid craving for sensational situations. It would be difficult to say just why he has seen fit to rake the smouldering fire of his melodramatic passion at this late day.

The Under Current runs strong in one direction—in the direction of all that is distasteful to cultivated playgoers. It does not strike a happy medium between good and bad—it makes a bee-line for the gallery and comes to the surface with the slimy ooings of *The Two Orphans*, *Under the Gaslight*, *The Lights of London*, and various other reminiscences.

The plot simply eludes description on account of its penny-dreadful and involved character. There are two half-sisters, Rosa and Alice Sadleigh; Dr. Saul, the fiendish uncle, who abducts Alice, the heiress, in order to blackmail the other sister; Mother Hundreds, a London prototype of *Mere Frochard*; Bordi, an Italian padrone; Ryer, the guardian angel of the two sisters, who turns out to be their long-lost father; Captain Debaron, an eye-glassed swell, who does various romantic things; several London wails; in fact, the entire paraphernalia of a bowling melodrama. The blood-curdling situations are plentiful, but genuine surprises were not forthcoming. There is not a single climax that the tired spectator did not recognize as a familiar acquaintance. When Dr. Saul in the third act tied Ryer to the railroad track to give the dramatist a chance to have Ryer's own daughter rescue him with an axe just in time to save him from being run over by an approaching locomotive, even the gallery gods had been there before, and declined to bestow anything like the enthusiastic applause expected from that quarter. After a whole dime novel of rascality, Dr. Saul is finally trapped in trying to murder one of his nieces in her own home. The whole cast rushes on the scene, the two London wails tie him with a rope, and after a species of *Daly* epilogue he is allowed to depart scot-free. As he is probably still at large we can only caution our readers to beware of *The Under Current*.

The acting was decidedly better than the play. Dominick Murray was an excellent Ryer, and William A. Whitecar as Captain Debaron did some capital acting, especially in his scenes as the amateur detective. Henry Walton seemed conscious of the absurd villain he was supposed to depict. He tried very hard to be fiendish, but comparatively few of the audience were able to take him seriously; the audience persisted in laughing at him as an amusing scoundrel. Jameson Finney made a poor attempt at character-acting in the part of Bertie Moberg. George Barnum, on the other hand, acted the Italian padrone with artistic finish. John A. Ellsler as Lawyer Chantrey and T. H. Glenn as the Man of the Smithy made the most of insignificant roles. Master Charles E. Thropp as a knowing London wail made a decided hit, although the part was rather overacted. Allie Phillips as the diminutive wail was also very amusing.

Of the ladies Miss Malarini was theatrically effective as Rosa, but Laura Almonsoe is given to too much affectation to win much sympathy as Alice. Alice Hood was comely and clever as Claire Debaron; May Sylvia was a realistic Mother Hundreds and Lizzie St. Quentin won much applause as Slenah. The Coleman Sisters were picturesque and pleasing as Jenni and Bianchi, the tamborine girls, and the other characters of minor importance were entrusted to competent people.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—OTHELLO.

Iago..... Edwin Booth
 Othello..... Lawrence Barrett
 Brabantio..... Ben G. Rogers
 Cassio..... John A. Ellsler
 Desdemona..... Charles Koster
 Duke of Venice..... Charles Collins
 Dromio..... Miss E. Cole
 Emilia..... Gertrude Kellogg

The fashion of our town will turn out to see American actors who come to us *vis* England, just as it will throng to inspect the latest imported dramatic article; but the stars that shoot across the native theatrical heavens and

twinkle over the metropolis periodically, stimulate little interest among the descendants of the butchers, bakers and candlestick makers comprising our plutocratic upper circle.

The audience that welcomed Messrs. Booth and Barrett at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night was not remarkable for "swell" characteristics. But it was a respectable, intelligent and discriminating assemblage, evidently largely drawn from the great floating population of the city and from the most reputable class of our public. This, it is worthy of note, is exactly the sort of audience before which Mr. Booth has appeared during all his New York engagements in past years.

We were promised a "production" of *Othello* and the promise—surprising as it may seem to those accustomed to the shabby pictorial back grounds which Mr. Booth's genius formerly illuminated—was fulfilled to the letter. The tragedy, it is probable, has never had a more generous and beautiful setting. The scenes were correct, novel and effective in arrangement. They presented an appearance of architectural solidity and they partook of the atmosphere of the climate and the period. The Venetian Council Chamber was a heavy set, imposing with its gallery platform and broad flight of steps, but somewhat harsh and gaudy in color. The Cyprian seaport was a picture which would have been admirable had the sky and sea shown the deep Mediterranean blue. They were painted in a shade which suggested a lettuce green in the gaslight. But the buildings to left and right were substantial and the battlemented sea-wall, frowning with culverins, gave a martial flavor to the act in keeping with its spirit and the distant turmoil of the Turks. The hall of the castle was perhaps too gorgeous in design and furnishings for accuracy, but the exterior—a street—in the fourth act was a fine piece of scenic work, subdued and artistic in tone and treatment.

Evidences of Mr. Barrett's careful and intelligent stage direction were plentiful. New details were noticeable in the minor "business" of the play, and everything moved smoothly and consistently onward. The supernumeraries—comprising a band of fresh young girls and bright-faced youths from the Madison Square dramatic school—gave life and movement to the soldiery and mob. They were neatly costumed and, except for the youthful treble of their cheers and concerted exclamations, they lent considerable interest to the production. In his regard for the smaller technicalities Mr. Barrett has shown a good deal of originality and taste. Mr. Irving has not done better service in meeting the modern requirements for excellence in mounting Shakespearean plays.

We have dwelt upon the manner of the production because it was the most meritorious feature of *Othello* as seen on Monday evening. The pictorial and auxiliary departments were developed to the injury of the histrionism. The acting was disappointing and unsatisfactory, especially that of the leaders.

Iago is but a secondary role under the most favorable circumstances. It is susceptible only of a certain limited degree of effectiveness, which Mr. Booth usually gives to it by subtle play of feature, sharp transitions of temper, fluent declamation and sinuous picturesqueness of movement. We regret to be obliged to say that on Monday his work was careless, slipshod and commonplace. In the second act he was up to his customary form, but in the great scene of the third he was surprisingly inadequate. He tripped blithely over the lines as though a rehearsal were in progress, and failed to accentuate his well-known "points." Whether this seeming indifference was due to intention or to the novelty of appearing before a metropolitan audience, amid handsome surroundings, we cannot say, of course. He may have been suffering from a cold—or from Mr. Barrett. If the latter was the cause of the condition Mr. Booth has our profoundest sympathy.

It is our deliberate opinion that Mr. Barrett is the very worst *Othello* we have yet had the misfortune to see.

Mr. Barrett's admirers claim consideration for him on the score of his conscientious and studious application. If Mr. Barrett is a man of fine intellectual attainments the fact is not made apparent by his acting. It is not urged in his behalf, we believe, that nature has equipped him for a tragedian, but we are asked to condone his deficiency of endowment on the score of his artistic aim and mental vigor. These qualities do not often intrude upon his personations—they are certainly absent from his *Othello*, which is about as false in the elocutionary sense as it is physically puny and inconsequential. Mr. Barrett's sing song declamation in the council scene gave the key to the whole representation. His voice rose and fell in monotonous inflections, while the sense and the thought of the text were constantly obscured by false reading. Before the Duke his accents were those of a camp meeting exhorter. At Cyprus he only needed a uniform and a night stick to perfectly resemble a policeman stopping a midnight street brawl in the Fourth Ward. In the third act the Moor's jealous frenzy partook of a canine form of expression—he snarled and growled like an angry Towser. If the spectator looked for fine bits to redeem the grave faults of the impersonation he looked in vain. The majestic breadth of the character was wholly out of Mr. Barrett's reach. We only saw a very small actor in a very large part.

It may be that to do his best Mr. Booth needs a dangerous rival in close proximity. When he was appearing with Salvini his lago was as keen and true as a Toledo. When he acted Hamlet for the Wallack testimonial, surrounded by famous people, he gave a memorable representation. But in conjunction with Mr. Barrett—an actor whose reputation is completely out of proportion to his artistic merits—Mr. Booth seems to fall into a state of carelessness that is irritating to the warmest admirers of his abilities, among whom we are numbered. The flint must meet the steel before it will emit a spark.

Some of the audience seemed to like Mr. Barrett's preaching for they applauded it. Both he and his associate accepted several calls together, their equal partnership in the response being gauged with mathematical exactitude. But the applause was not hearty and the performance—which did not end until near midnight, owing to the weary intermissions—created no enthusiasm.

The Merchant of Venice was played last evening, too late for notice in this week's issue.

LYCEUM THEATRE—SWEET LAVENDER.

Horace P. Bream..... Herbert Kelcey
 Geoffrey Wedderburn..... Charles Walcott
 Clement H. L..... Henry Miller
 Dick Phenyl..... W. J. LeMay
 Dr. Delaney..... T. C. Valentine
 Mr. Bulger..... W. E. Royston
 Minnie Gilfillan..... Georgia Cayvan
 Ruth Rolt..... Mrs. Charles Walcott
 Lavender..... Louise Dillon
 Mrs. Gilfillan..... Mrs. Thomas Whiffen

As dainty and fragrant as its pretty name is Sweet Lavender, Mr. Pinero's new play, with which the regular season at the Lyceum was opened on Tuesday night.

THE MIRROR, which in honesty has been compelled to severely censure a good many plays and players lately, finds positive gratification in the opportunity of shedding some benignant reflections afforded by this admirable production. In a word, the piece and the representation are both uncommonly fine. If Sweet Lavender does not run to overflowing houses for months it will be because a charmingly told, delightfully presented heart story has no place in contemporaneous favor, and because that which is genial, sympathetic and refined in the modern drama lacks appreciation. But we credit our public—or that class of it which patronizes a theatre like the Lyceum—with sufficient taste and feeling to give Mr. Pinero's delicious piece long life and enduring prosperity.

Sweet Lavender is in three acts. By a suggestive antithetical conceit of the author's, the scene is laid in a barrister's chambers in the Temple—one of the last places in the world where we should expect to find the perfume of a young and romantic love, but which buds and blossoms amid the shabby furniture and musty books up several flights of stairs in the British lawyers' hive. The story is very simple—that's its charm; and very ingeniously developed—there lies its strength.

Clement Hale, the adopted son of Geoffrey Wedderburn, and Dick Phenyl, a bibulous, whimsical but good-natured barrister, together occupy the chambers of which Ruth Rolt is the housekeeper. Ruth has a daughter, Lavender, the sweet heroine of the piece—a gentle, trusting, pathetic little creature. Clement has been trying to cultivate her mind, and the tutitional relation has brought them to the point of loving each other devotedly. He asks her to become his wife and she consents. But Mrs. Gilfillan, the sister of the young man's adopted father and benefactor, Mr. Wedderburn, intends that Clement shall marry her lively daughter Minnie, who has another lover in the person of a restless American, Horace Bream, who saved her life in Paris. Mrs. Gilfillan determines to upset Clement's plans toward Lavender. In this she is assisted by the girl's mother, who has a history. In her youth she loved Geoffrey Wedderburn not wisely but too well, and on learning of the relations of Clement and that person the necessity for breaking off the match resolves itself into hasty flight with the daughter, who is told that Clement would tire of a poor and uneducated wife. Mr. Wedderburn meantime quarrels over the matter with his son and receives a physical shock by the news that the bank in which he is a proprietor has suspended. Ruth comes from an institution, she has entered to nurse him, and in an affecting scene he acknowledges his guilt and his remorse and learns that Lavender is his natural child. This matter remains a secret between the two, but the young people are united; the persistent American secures Minnie; Dick, who inherited a legacy that was entrusted to Wedderburn's bank, cancels the obligation and helps that concern back on its feet, and the piece concludes amid general happiness and with the conviction that Wedderburn is likely to atone for his youthful wrong by giving Ruth his name.

No brief description can do justice to the charming simplicity and the absorbing interest of this little story, which is radiant with smiles and bedewed with tears. Sweet Lavender is as dainty as filigree—as delicate and tender in sentiment as one of Herrick's poems. We have a sigh of relief as the plot unfolds itself without the assistance of stage villains or villainy, and we find the love of the young people awaying our sympathies and playing alternately sad and merry tunes upon our unaccustomed heart strings. Around the central interest here cluster the eccentricities of the lovable old reprobate Dick, the lively pursuit of Minnie by Bream, the "trucu-

lent triumphs" of the finally subdued Mrs. Gilfillan, the sunny and sensible Irish doctor, the remorse-stricken Wedderburn, and away from the sunshine the character of Ruth Rolt, guarding the dark secret on which the happiness of another life hangs.

Mr. Pinero, the actors and the management all deserve gratitude for their share in giving to our intelligent playgoers a wholesome, tender, entertaining work, whose story, dialogue and performance are equally skillful and meritorious. Such plays, unambitious though they be in pretensions, give a lift to the theatre, strengthen the repulse and the utility of the stage, and make men and women brighter, better and happier.

Mr. Le Moyne carried off the honors as Dick, who with all his slovenliness and faults we grew to love for his *bonhomie*, unselfishness and big heartedness. Mr. Le Moyne was amusing in the comic scenes, and in the more serious business of the role, he summoned to his work the moving pathos that only a fine artist can conjure. He did more than score a success—his achievement fell little short of a triumph. Mr. Miller was earnest and natural as the frank and manly Clement. Mr. Kelcey played Bream with a genuinely American flavor, in spite of his nationality. Mr. Walcott gave weight to Wedderburn and Messrs. Valentine, Royston and Bellows were efficient in smaller parts.

Louise Dillon perfectly realized Sweet Lavender in appearance and manner. It is a rather difficult *ingrue* role—a sensitive, pathetic, fragile character—but Miss Dillon acted and looked it in a way that won the sympathy and encouragement of the large and fashionable house. Miss Cayvan lacked some of the natural vivacity which is conspicuously needed for Minnie as a foil to the non-role, but she was intelligently effective and her dresses were beautiful. Mrs. Walcott as Ruth played very earnestly and well, notwithstanding a bad cold, and Mrs. Whiffen was capital as the terrifying Mrs. Gilfillan.

Henry E. Dixey, in Adonis, made his appearance at the Star on Monday evening, after an absence from the local stage of nearly three years. A large audience of friends and admirers was present and gave him a royal welcome.

Very few changes have taken place since Adonis was last seen here, with the exception of some new specialties introduced by the star, which add materially to his popularity. Herbert Gresham still plays the polished villain, a character that gives very little scope for an actor's abilities. George W. Howard, as the miller, does some clever work and comes in for plenty of applause. Carrie E. Perkins makes a comely village maiden and has quite a sweet voice, while Ida Bell as the sculptress, Talamea, is classically comely. Annie Allison was amusing as the Duchess. The chorus is composed of a bevy of shapely young girls, who in no way suffer from bashfulness. Among the specialties the original Clipper Quartette deserves special mention.

William Gillette's revised version of *Rider Haggard's* much dramatized *She* was presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday night to an overflowing house. The company has been strengthened in some respects and the appropriate music, arranged by W. W. Furst, adds much to the general effect of the production. Laura Clement, in the title role, looked pretty and sang sweetly. Tellula Evans, who possesses a very pleasing voice, made a charming Ustane. Charles Bower, as the slangy New York drummer, created considerable fun. Will Harkins was fairly good as Leo. Matt Snyder, George Parkhurst, George Heisey, F. Barnes and H. W. Frillman all did fairly well. Of course the scenery and stage effects are the main feature, and they were heartily applauded. The piece will run two weeks. Roland Reed will follow in *The Woman Hater*.

Paul Kauvar was presented at the Grand Opera House on Monday night to a large house. The part of Gouroc was taken for this occasion by Steele Mackaye, with the result of demonstrating that an author is not always the best interpreter of his own creations. There was an over-elaboration and an exuberance of facial expression which detracted from the performance.

Paul Kauvar was played by Edmund Collier with much skill, although also with some tendency to exaggeration. The most dignified and solid acting was exhibited by Charles Vandenhoff as the Duke de Beaumont. In its way the General Delaroches of Nestor Lennon was a clever performance. Harry Braham gave a decidedly comic exposition of Potin.

Carrie Turner made a good Diave, although a little inclined to the melodramatic method. Taken in its entirety the cast was strong and the performance very commendable. Next week, Annie Pixley.

The Gaiety company open to-night (Thursday) at the Standard. There will be no kissing. That both was unworthy any notice from the management.

The Madison Square Theatre stock season opened last Wednesday night with Partners. Notice is necessarily postponed until our next issue.

Chapman and Sellers' My Partner company is at the Third Avenue Theatre this week, and

judging from the success with the audience on Monday night, there will not be many vacant seats during the engagement. Daniel Gilfeather, as Joe Saunders, was natural and impressive in his reading, easy and graceful in his action. Charles Ray, in the role of Wing Lee, does not lose much by comparison with a more noted exponent of the part. James Martin gave an uneven performance of Josiah Scraggs, and something similar might be said of the work of Eugenie Bressler as Mary Brandon. The rest of the company ranged from good to positively bad; and the pronunciation of several of its members, even in simple and familiar words, needs a reformation.

Fannie Louise Buckingham, under the management of H. R. Jacobs, presented her new version of Maseppa before a crowded house at the Thalia on Monday. This dramatization admits the introduction of a number of specialties in the arena scene in the first act, presenting some clever people, including Edie Ward, a pleasing, petite soubrette in songs and dances; Pete Gardner, song-and-dance man; J. H. McVicker, a clever singing comedian; the four Schrode brothers in original and graceful acrobatic feats, and Miss Buckingham in a broadsword contest. The star was very graceful in the equestrian scenes in the play, and the horse introduced is a well-trained animal. Miss Buckingham is supported by a strong and evenly-balanced company. J. Winston Murray as Abdah Khan, King of Tartary, did effective work. Next week, Zitka.

Clay Greene's version of Uncle Tom's Cabin was given at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night, with the best cast and scenery that has been employed in the piece for years. Milton Barlow, Russell Bassett, Ralph Delmore, Harry Booker, John Hazlerigg, Lillian Eldridge, Henrietta Irving, Lillie Heckler and Alice Harrison are the principal members of the cast, and it is hardly necessary to say that the parts assigned to them were excellently rendered. The large audience present were loud in their approval of everything done. Next week, Howard Athenaeum Specialty company.

Mr. Barnes seems to be prospering at the Broadway. The Brass Monkey still swings by its tail at the Bijou, and the crowd is edified and amused at the spectacle. There is a capital bill on at Tony Pastor's this week and the attendance is excellent. The Yeomen of the Guard packs the Casino every night. Waddy Gooagan will remain on the stage of the Park until the holidays. Meantime a new Irish drama is in rehearsal.

The Giddy Gusher.



One of the funniest things to me in the world is the periodical visit of Mary Anderson to this land of her birth. It is so kind, so condescending, so really good to us. She remembers us as pleasant people who were well enough to play to in her green and salad days, and now that she is a great, foreign artist, see how nice she is to come herself and bring a lot of marvellous British performers.

Then, that our uncultivated blood may be toned up on dull, uneventful plays that won't excite it, she gives us that Shakespearean dose of porridge. The Winter's Tale. It's too good of her, and I feel so grateful I can't begin to voice my gratitude.

To be sure we have Madame Ponisi, the ablest exponent of Shakespearean female character in both hemispheres, but Ma Billington is English—quite English—and if she doesn't amount to a row of pins as an actress, think of Great Britain—that superior place! The United States should ask no more of any persons than the fact that they came from that land.

We should think Jack Barnes a great deal too stout and mature for romantic leads if he was a Yank. But he ain't, and he can stuff his Falstaffian figure into the tights of Romeo, and if they don't split from stem to stern we shall be pleased to pieces.

We have got a lot of fair young girls fully up to the ability of Miss Tilbury, but Miss Tilbury is Lydia Thompson's daughter, and if that doesn't establish her parentage and nationality, what would?

Mr. Maclean and several others in the company, I acknowledge cheerfully, could not be replaced in this country. We never had anything like 'em on the stage, and we are never likely to, thank God! That sort of man we use up behind the counters and on the cracker barrels in country stores.

But when it's all stated we have a great deal to be thankful for, and next to my daily bread I feel truly grateful to Mary Anderson for permitting herself to be born in one of the United States.

It was an early compliment she paid to this country, and her yearly return visit is a continuance of her favors.

In all sorts of provisions, in all kinds of dry goods, at the present time you don't get what you pay for, and this popular form of treatment has crept into our amusements.

I looked with much interest at a showy window bill that represented a lot of well-known people in the characters of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and with a sort of veneration for a plot with full side-whiskers, and scenes as moss-covered as the Old Oaken Bucket, I concluded to go and see Uncle Tom.

There were the features of Scarpia Mordaunt promised as good Uncle Tom. "But stop," said I, "didn't I see Mordaunt in Mr. Barnes of New York last night?" Certainly—so only his counterfeit presentment belongs to the company at the Windsor.

In the next oval but one was the fierce face of Mark Price. Now, somewhere this last week, I saw a notice of Mr. Price in some other part in some other place.

Then with a pair of azure eyes, the pinkest of cheeks, a wealth of curls and a low-necked dress, there beamed Aunt Louisa as Aunt Ophelia. "Not much!" replied I to this libel. "The volatile Mrs. Eldridge is at present holding the pier glass up to nature and elevating the stage with Mrs. Potter."

And so if I went down to the Windsor, who, out of all the painted pictures, should I find on the stage?

Alice Harrison is promised as Topsy, but they can run in most any one blacked up for her. It's another and beautiful case of advertise what you haven't got, and let buyers kick over what they get.

And the theatres are doing just what Deacon Huckleberry did when he bought up a liquor saloon stock of old window bills—Nat Goodwin, Joe Jefferson, Mrs. Bowers, Clara Morris, Roland Reed and Jimmy O'Neill—dealt 'em out impartially to the barber, apothecary and plumber shop-windows of Croton, New York, and then produced The Three Fast Men with Tiny Glucose, Sugarplum Montague and a contortionist.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of fate to furnish home particulars with which to fill this column when outside events run slack.

At just the hour last Thursday that THE MIRROR reached the newsstands a bleak November blast was sweeping down the hillsides, a dark, forbidding sky hung overhead that leaked dismally all the morning and announced the storm that finished the day.

The houses are occasional along a patch of road leading off beyond McComb's Dam bridge, and for two hours, between eleven and one, no person traversed it but a man and woman and a helpless baby.

I can understand how a baby can be left on a rich man's doorstep. I can understand how a baby can be deserted in a railway station, left in a carriage, forsaken anywhere in haunts frequented by human beings. But how the heart of man, much less of woman, could take a mite of a weeping, who had been just eleven days in this cold world and leave it on the sodden ground, with a heavy storm already begun, where its feeble wail could not reach the ears of any one fifty feet away, where, in all possibility no foot would pass in days, is beyond me to conceive.

But that man and woman left the road, and in a patch of bushes laid the forlorn thing down to die. A miserable rag of dress, a bit of coarse red flannel and a skirt formed his wardrobe, and every article was soaked through and through.

The gods lent him breath for one despairing yell just as the tramp of a mounted policeman broke the monotony of the scene. Roundsmen Wilkins says his horse scented the find and pricked his ears and halted. Again the perishing infant wailed, and in another minute the bundle of red flannel was on horseback pounding away for the station-house.

The bundle disclosed a dear little man child, eleven days old, perfect in form and intelligent in face; but so near the kingdom of heaven that had not help reached it when it did Mr. Baby would have needed nothing but the cruel ground on which it nearly perished.

I worked over that atom till the blue arms and legs got limber enough to use. Then the law laid its strong grasp on the baby. It was raining cats and dogs, but down to the Central Office the baby had to go. By this time every heart in the hotel ached for the wretched little guest, so it was decided Mr. Baby should be entered on the register, assigned rooms and remain. These hospitable intentions could not be carried out; to the Central Office went the baby followed by the landlord, whose bachelor heart had been touched.

At Headquarters he found the Charity Commissioners could alone relinquish the child, and then again a lot of rules and regulations provided Randall's Island for a certain time, and off next day with the worst rain of all falling went the miserable traveler.

On its track was the rescuing party, however, and in all the awful storm of Friday in an open row boat from Randall's Island to New York, and I am thence by train to High

Bridge went the young and traveled gentleman, and I've got him.

He has readily adapted himself to the new conditions. He takes to his bottle like a real man and he gives no trouble. His sad little story got into the papers and raised up powerful friends. Dr. Phelps, the Mellin's Food man, sent a box of that wonderful stuff with a poetical letter, in which he hopes "He may always remember that day in November when he was saved from the croup and a swim in the soup."

He will certainly remember and revere the name of Mellin and the thoughtfulness and kindness of Dr. Phelps.

The Gusher had a wild idea of feeding it on milk punch and oyster soup.

At all events here he is, with the dogs sniffing curiously about him, the birds singing as if they liked him, and Chicot, the blessed monkey, as friendly as possible, sharing the tending, dividing the care, and doubling up at night. Baby on one arm, Chicot on the other. I in the middle—all three happy.

Oh, so happy! You can take bets on that as sure as I sign myself THE GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1888.

Faust Up to Date didn't come up to time at the Gaiety on Saturday night. On Saturday morning Manager Edwardes issued a manifesto stating that owing to "unforeseen circumstances" he was reluctantly compelled to postpone the production until Tuesday. The "unforeseen circumstances" in question were the non-arrival of some of the scenery and dresses and the indifferent health of Miss Florence St. John, the Gaiety's new leading lady. By Tuesday, however, the scenery and things had come to hand, and Florence's pretty throat was once more in working order. There was still among the players a plentiful lack of knowledge of the words, but under the circumstances this mattered little. Besides, in order to provide against this contingency, Sims and Pettitt or Pettitt and Sims—or shall I say Pims and Settitt, and thus equitably adjust the never-ending idiotic controversy as to the right of precedence 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee?

Well, then, Pims and Settitt, I say, had caused their libretto to be printed and circulated in the theatre. What is more, it was sold at a shilling a tune to those who cared to buy, which, seeing that you don't have to pay any more for the Gilbert books, strikes me as rather an absurd price. However, enough has been said on that head in other quarters. The smart division rallied loyally round the shrine of the sacred lamp, and seemed right glad to be back again assisting at a premiere. The lamp, indeed, burned almost as brightly as ever, notwithstanding the superabundance of oil contributed by the authors of the book, some of which, as a witty first-nighter rather cruelly remarked, was as ancient as that contained in the widow's cruse. The piece, indeed, was well received throughout, the dissident voices being singularly few in number.

As to the plot it can scarcely be said to burlesque anything at all. It is more an extravagant travesty of the libretto of Guonod's opera than anything else. The book is occasionally bright and more than occasionally vulgar; and it is plentifully studded with chestnut puns; but its most serious fault is its inordinate length, for the two acts play more than three hours between them and weariness sets in long before the finale is reached in either case. This is a pity, for, both as to scenery and costumes, the burlesque has been brightly and beautifully mounted by George Edwardes, while Charles Harris (having *carte blanche* given him by the liberal management) has lavished upon the production all the resources of the fine art of stage management. Musically, the burlesque leaves nothing to be desired. Not only has good old Meyer Lutz parodied Guonod in true humorous and artistic fashion, but he has given many bright and tuneful numbers of his own which will probably catch the town.

I had almost forgotten the plot, perhaps because there isn't much to remember. In Pim's and Settitt's fable Marguerite becomes a barmaid at the Italian Exhibition, which forms the first scene. Her brother Valentine is a drunken soldier of the comic opera type. Old Faust is a dotard who wants "to have a high old time among the girls." His youth is renewed by Mephistopheles there and then. The lines of the opera are followed as far as the garden scene, when the act is ended by Mephisto and Faust carrying off Marguerite on the Still Alarm fire engine—a delicate stratagem which scarcely commended itself to the majority. Marguerite is supposed to be married to Faust, but there is no baby. She has a prison scene, however, and goes mad with tedious detail. Finally, for some reason not quite clear, it is arranged that she and Faust will escape in a balloon from the Irish Exhibition grounds, at Olympia. In order to do so she walks out of prison unmolested. When the balloon is going up Valentine is discovered in the car not dead, but drunk. Old Faust turns up to prevent Mephistopheles claiming his bond—and that is all, and if there were half an hour less of it it would be all the better.

The authors have not disdained to "introduce" business from pieces which have gone before. Notably in the first act there is "The Old Swell's Chorus," which is possibly intended to parody the famous "Old Men's Chorus" in the opera, but which as worked in resistibly suggests the chorus of Duennas in Carina. The words are, however, not exactly of the kind which a prudent young lady would care to read to her mother. Here is a sample:

Our brows are furrowed, our locks are thin,
But the girls will know that we've got the tin.
The young man loves and he rides away—
The nice old boy is the boy to stay.
We may be a little shaky, we may be a little lame,
But we still can do a flutter at the rood old game.

Also the blushing barmaid-heroine is made a ward in chancery, and a Lord High Chancellor is introduced after the manner of Gilbert's Iolanthe. But at the Savoy a humorous idea was humorously worked out. At the Gaiety the second-hand stuff is ill cooked and worse served. Of course there is the usual Irish song, without which no Gaiety burlesque now seems complete. It would seem, indeed, that the closing scene has been laid in the Irish Exhibition expressly to this end. "Ennis-corthy" is the name of Robert Martin's latest ditty. It is of the same pattern as its predecessors, but is no less acceptable on that account. A chorus of Irishmen beat time with their shillelaghs, first on "the flure" and subsequently on each other's heads. It proved highly diverting on Tuesday night and was indeed mainly responsible for sending away the exhausted audience in a comparatively good humor. As Marguerite, Florence St. John looks lovely and sings sweetly. Fanny Robins as Young Faust is not able to make us forget Nelly Farren, of course, but she is a good little principal boy all the same. E. J. Lonnas as Mephistopheles, dances with his customary epileptic fervor, but has none too many opportunities of exhibiting his humors. The same remark applies to G. Stone, who represents Valentine. Stone would seem to have considered his part in the light of a horse-collar, and he certainly grins through it with amusing assiduity. But both he and Lonnas could probably be funnier if the fun were provided for them. Doubtless they will provide some more presently. Harry Parker is an intense and melodramatic Old Faust, and Jennie McNulty (who has of late much improved in acting capacity) is the most attractive Siebel. The Prince of Wales witnessed Tuesday's proceedings from the recesses of the stage box.

The defence in the action Phyllis Broughton (actress and dancer) vs. Viscount Dangan, which, you know, is for breach of promise of marriage, consists of a plain denial. Now Phyllis has to put in her reply, and some time after Christmas a jury will be asked whether the lady or the gentleman is telling the truth. An order has this week been made in Chambers for the discovery on both sides of documents, letters, etc. It is no use attempting to forecast the issue, but with so fascinating a plain tiff no one will be surprised if, as in another memorable Trial by Jury, "his lordship" the Judge, whoever he may be, should say "I'll marry her myself." Verdict: And a good Judge, too.

Speaking of viscounts, a real live viscount has been again dragging his piano organ about the Strand during the last week or two, and has been accompanied by a lady wearing a fur-trimmed sealskin jacket. The viscount smokes cigarettes and looks quite proud of the profession he has adopted, all of which gives point to the couplet written by one of our great poets: "Let laws and commerce, arts and learning die, but leave us still our old nobility." To which one might add—if it only plays the organ.

Dissensions among collaborators and authors and managements and mummings are always with us. The latest alarms and excursions in this connection have again arisen at the Opera Comique, and they concern Carina, the new comic opera of which I told you a few weeks ago. It appears that the very high class musical lady, Mme. Julia Woolf, who composed the music of Carina, allowed two songs of the ultra music-hall type, and penned by that music hall laureate, T. Bowyer, to be interpolated. Whereupon Madame's librettists (E. L. Blanchard, the veteran dramatic critic and pantomime provider, and Mr. Cunningham Bridgman) arose in righteous horror at the interpolation of such "low" songs, and denounced the management for not having had the courtesy to ask their (the librettists') permission. Anon Bowyer responded, pointing out that what he had done he had done at Madame Woolf's special request, and that, moreover, he was thus requested because a song sent in by Mr. Bridgman and bearing the title, "We've All Felt It," had been rejected as "suggestive." The battle threatens to rage for some time yet.

La Securite des Familles, Albin Valerebrgues' new play, which is now being rehearsed at the Paris Vaudeville (where it will presently succeed Les Surprises du Divorce), will be adapted for Willie Edouin, who has secured the English and colonial rights. Le Fil de Famille has been put on at the Royalty. Lafontaine (who made such a great hit here as L'Abbe Constantin) again scoring heavily in the principal part. This piece has appeared in many English guises, as for instance The Lancers, The Discarded Son, and latterly The Queen's Shilling, as adapted by G. W. Godfrey for Hare and Kendal. Kendal played the Fil's and Hare the old Colonel, which is now played by Lafontaine, who was its original representative thirty odd years ago.

Agnes Hewitt finished up at the Olympic on Saturday. She has not yet decided what to do with the house, but she would prefer to let it. It is now settled that Mr. Hengler's Circus will, by arrangement with Freeman Thomas, occupy Covent Garden at Christmas—Mary Anderson and company sailed from England last Sunday per Umbria for New York. Herrington Bailey has been appointed agent for Mrs. Langtry—"Pop" Stephens, formerly associated with Edward Solomon in the composition of comic opera, has now joined composer Florian Pascal, and between them they have concocted a piece to be entitled The Black Squire. Stephens says it is the best music he ever heard and Pascal says it is the

best "book" he ever read, and, of course, they both ought to know.

Charles Harris, the Gaiety stage manager, and Meyer Lutz, musical director, and thirty-four "choristers" have just now left Waterloo Station for Southampton, there to embark per steamship *Saale* for the Standard Theatre in your city, where they hope to assist in the production of Monte Cristo, Jr. Last Friday the *Daily Telegraph*, which had evidently read or mis-read its NEW YORK MIRROR, came out with a statement to the effect that Samuel French had stated that Beer-bohm Tree had arranged to produce a new play written by Arthur Law, and somewhat strangely entitled Jackman the Panther. Tree has implored me to deny this. He has no idea of doing any such thing. When Captain Swift has run its course he (T.) will put on Henry Arthur Jones' new drama, The Pauper.

According to a provincial paper the play which poet Alfred Baron Tennyson has written for Your and Our Mary deals with the fortunes of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Whether Mary will play Robin, or Marian, or both, or neither, is not stated. What is stated is that she will probably not produce it in America, but will reserve it until her return to England.

Last week I told you how Henry Irving had denounced the Rev. John Gritton for blating that Sunday theatricals were likely to become in vogue in England. Since then Gritton has returned to the charge, and asks: "Have actors no share in the Sunday morning theatricals at the New Club, Covent Garden? (N. B.—This is the club run by Kate Vaughan and her hubby, Colonel Wellesey.)" Have they no share in the charming Sunday evening entertainments at the Gaiety? Does Mr. Labouchere still carry on his open-air dramas on a Sunday without actors? Has Mr. Irving himself been met by general disobedience when he has ordered his whole staff to attend on Sunday afternoons at the Lyceum, notably on Whit Sunday, 1887? and so on and so on. For all this I contend, as I contended herein last week, that there is no likelihood of Sunday theatricals becoming common in these islands. Gritton's arguments prove nothing—the New Club performances are only confined to the masquerade members thereof. Sunday rehearsals are seldom known except under pressure of considerable necessity. As to the Sunday evening entertainments at the Gaiety, there has only been one, which was the celebration of the 100th performance of Monte Cristo, Jr., and that did not commence until the midnight hour had struck on Sunday.

Wilson Barrett (not Lawrence) and his new collaborator, Hall Caine, and the operatic Carl Rosa were banqueted last Saturday night at the Art Club at Parliament Street, Liverpool—when each spoke a piece after the manner of his kind. Barrett pointed out among other things that art is a goddess, artists are her priests, and he who serves her without reverence is a blasphemer. Barrett had also a good word for Correggio and (I suppose) his corregiosity; also for Shakespeare, M. Angelo, Roscius, Moliere and many other poets and players. Hall Caine opined that the public seem nowadays to be afflicted with a bad bout of literary dyspepsia, and to shrink from all great passions, whether in fiction or in the drama. This had a bad effect on the actor's art as well as the dramatist's. What they wanted for the advancement of the drama was, above all things, a public that would not fight shy of the big, broad passions; a public that would go to the theatre not merely for amusement, but for lofty emotions, high thoughts and the impulse to noble acts. Then the difference between the dramatists of to-day and those of yesterday would speedily grow less. Herein Caine was probably sticking up for such passions as his own and Barrett's massive but somewhat mournful play, The Bar-My-Chree, contains.

There is quite a rush of theatrical books to hand this week. I note among them a "Review of the American Dramatic Year," issued from the office of a London publisher, which is a sign that our public takes a healthy interest in the proceedings of your players. Woodland Marston's "Reminiscences of Actors and Acting" will be found interesting on both sides of the Atlantic, and the same may be said of John Coleman's "Players and Playwrights." As an actor-manager of many years' experience John may, in this connection, speak as one having authority. I don't know whether amateur dramatists—"the great unacted," as we call them—prevail on your side in anything like the same proportion that they do here. In this country it is now fast becoming a distinction not to have written a play. There is, of course, no royal road to the dramatist's art, but he who would adventure in its thorny paths will find them considerably smoothed for him if he consults "Playwriting: a Handbook for Would-be Dramatic Authors." The author is described on the title-page merely as "A Dramatist." I haven't the remotest notion who he is, but whoever he may be he understands perfectly well what he is talking about. The information contained in this handbook may be read by old hands with advantage, but to the novice it is simply invaluable. The book now issued is a reprint of a volume of papers which originally appeared in the Stage, a paper which has now deservedly attained a very high position in the theatrical journalism of this country.

Chasigues' new comic opera, Nadiv, which was to have been produced on Saturday night at the Avenue, has been postponed until next Wednesday.

The Balloon, a new farcical comedy by George Manville Fenn and J. H. Dunsley, succeeds at a matinee to be given at Terry's on Nov. 13. C. Irvine Bacon and Charles Groves will be in the car as directors of proceedings.

Hustler Kelly has postponed Pettitt's drama, Hands Across the Sea, till Thursday next, in consequence of the necessary rehearsing. "The Princess" will therefore be closed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. GAWAIN.

The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be published on Saturday, Dec. 8. Price, 25 cents. Advertisements received until Nov. 24.

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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

H. E. Sothern opened in Lord Chumley at the Hollis Street on Monday night last, and to a big house. Sothern is a great favorite in Boston, and his acting last season in *The Highest Bidder*, presented as it was by Sothern, made an immense hit. Chumley is a good thing, but there are times in it when Mr. Sothern comes dangerously near repeating his former fail. The piece is booked for a fortnight's run.

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know that prices had been advanced at another house with no benefit. I was not bestirred by the sight of a crowded house represented the most money. A comparison of the books could alone throw light upon this dark secret.

CHICAGO.

The Bells of Halesmere, the new melodrama by Pettit and Grundy, which Joseph Haworth has selected to star in, was presented at the Columbia last week to a succession of good-sized audiences. It is one of the ordinary style of English plays, with an eye to the American market. The authors have placed some of the scenes in Louisiana, and thereby give the scenic artists their only opportunity to produce some original stage pictures. The play is of the most common-sense type. There is an entire stolen from him by means of a forged mortgage, comes to the States as the innocent agent of a swindling firm who propose to pay for cotton with counterfeit \$100 bills. The chief villain follows him to denounce him and send him into jail. He escapes with the aid of a Southern girl and returns to England to defeat the villain and settle down with the girl he left behind him. The sensation feature is the escape through a window, and the fact that Haworth is as full of energy and romantic speech as the authors permit, but the whole thing is beneath him. The American part of the drama was received with great delight, but an old-fashioned playgoer would find it a good deal of a bore. A good cast aided the action. Henry Aveling, R. R. Graham, M. J. Jordan and Emily Lytton, Nettie Guion, and Miss E. E. Williams have been the burden. The same bill this week.

Vernon Jarman, in *Starlight*, had a prosperous week at Hooley's. The reaction after election night affected the attendance somewhat, but it picked up again toward the end of the week. Most of the theatres suffered from the same cause. This week Johnson and Slavia's Minstrels, Joseph Murphy next week.

Zig-Zag proved to be a great jubilee of nonsense, with no more to be said. It was a good deal of a bore. A good cast aided the action. Henry Aveling, R. R. Graham, M. J. Jordan and Emily Lytton, Nettie Guion, and Miss E. E. Williams have been the burden. The same bill this week.

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celebrity who have appeared at the house have been direct opposites. His case is two large panels of Milton Nobles and his charming wife, Dolie. The curtains are of rich Valenciennes and the lambricquies of old gold brocade. This is on in on file, and the black velvet hangings are a favorite in Louisville. The local club has made every possible effort to secure his service without avail. Robert Butler's suit against the Elks' Aladdin management was decided against the actor. He objected to two performances a day in the face of a contract calling for them when required. Manager Hourlier gave to the local papers several interesting extracts from a letter received from George F. Fuller, manager of the old Louisville Opera House years ago. The old gentleman is living quietly in the East, in his own words, "waiting for the tide to turn." He was connected with a most interesting period in the history of amusements in this city, and several plays and after closing his managerial career was favorably known as a correspondent on the signature of "Mah stick." Dudley MacDow did first-class advance work for Fashions. The paper for the attraction is novel and striking. Glen Shine and Ben Benedict, two old-timers, are connected with the Lavinia Shannon management. National Park is now used as a roller skating rink under Colonel McClellan's management. The new building on the Music Hall which is to be built by William F. Norton, Jr., who has successfully managed a number of large amusement enterprises here under the name of "The Elks," will be a brick and iron structure, with a seating capacity of 4,000 and a sixty-foot stage. Everything will be after the latest idea in theatrical architecture. The house is designed for use for concert, music and dramatic festival and large entertainments cannot be given at the regular theatres. Mr. Norton is a man of capital and brains, and he has an able assistant in James B. Camp, who was once an actor. The new place will, without doubt, be an addition to the attractions of this city.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Corsair at the Baldwin ran merrily for the closing two weeks. Fay Templeton has made a hit, the positive as it is pleasing. The entire Corsair party, when it comes here again, will find a reception which will delight everybody. The Cleveland-Haverly Minstrels have been a large and well-pleased audience. Emma Abbott 10th.

Natural Gas made money at the Bush for two weeks, giving way last night to Dan Sully in *Daddy Nolan*. The Bush Theatre has a good record for the week, and receive its first San Francisco production. Next, Nolan of Kays.

At the Alcazar The World Against Her is presented for the holiday time. Yella, a new opera, will be brought out at the Tivoli at Morris. Modjeska will revive *Cymbeline* at the Baldwin. Wednesday matinees are novelties at the Baldwin. The Cleveland-Haverly Minstrels are responsible. The Bush Theatre will be remodeled at a cost of \$200,000. Harry Mann, brother of Al Hayman, will co-operate with Alfred Bouvier in the management of the new California. Lucia and Said Pasha will follow Mask Ball at the Hotel. The new building on the Music Hall which is to be built by William F. Norton, Jr., who has successfully managed a number of large amusement enterprises here under the name of "The Elks," will be a brick and iron structure, with a seating capacity of 4,000 and a sixty-foot stage. Everything will be after the latest idea in theatrical architecture. The house is designed for use for concert, music and dramatic festival and large entertainments cannot be given at the regular theatres. Mr. Norton is a man of capital and brains, and he has an able assistant in James B. Camp, who was once an actor. The new place will, without doubt, be an addition to the attractions of this city.

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rehearsal. She received a portion of her education in this school and was related to many prominent families of Kentucky. The Maconic is preparing special scenery, new and striking costumes are announced, and there is a genuine interest in the event. Arlie Latham, the ball player, was in a favorite in Louisville. The local club has made every possible effort to secure his service without avail. Robert Butler's suit against the Elks' Aladdin management was decided against the actor. He objected to two performances a day in the face of a contract calling for them when required. Manager Hourlier gave to the local papers several interesting extracts from a letter received from George F. Fuller, manager of the old Louisville Opera House years ago. The old gentleman is living quietly in the East, in his own words, "waiting for the tide to turn." He was connected with a most interesting period in the history of amusements in this city, and several plays and after closing his managerial career was favorably known as a correspondent on the signature of "Mah stick." Dudley MacDow did first-class advance work for Fashions. The paper for the attraction is novel and striking. Glen Shine and Ben Benedict, two old-timers, are connected with the Lavinia Shannon management. National Park is now used as a roller skating rink under Colonel McClellan's management. The new building on the Music Hall which is to be built by William F. Norton, Jr., who has successfully managed a number of large amusement enterprises here under the name of "The Elks," will be a brick and iron structure, with a seating capacity of 4,000 and a sixty-foot stage. Everything will be after the latest idea in theatrical architecture. The house is designed for use for concert, music and dramatic festival and large entertainments cannot be given at the regular theatres. Mr. Norton is a man of capital and brains, and he has an able assistant in James B. Camp, who was once an actor. The new place will, without doubt, be an addition to the attractions of this city.

NEW ORLEANS.

At the Grand Opera House, Kate Claxton and Chas. A. Stevenson did good business in *The World Against Her*. The house was packed on the opening night, 4th. The new building on the Music Hall which is to be built by William F. Norton, Jr., who has successfully managed a number of large amusement enterprises here under the name of "The Elks," will be a brick and iron structure, with a seating capacity of 4,000 and a sixty-foot stage. Everything will be after the latest idea in theatrical architecture. The house is designed for use for concert, music and dramatic festival and large entertainments cannot be given at the regular theatres. Mr. Norton is a man of capital and brains, and he has an able assistant in James B. Camp, who was once an actor. The new place will, without doubt, be an addition to the attractions of this city.

Natural Gas made money at the Bush for two weeks, giving way last night to Dan Sully in *Daddy Nolan*. The Bush Theatre has a good record for the week, and receive its first San Francisco production. Next, Nolan of Kays.

At the Alcazar The World Against Her is presented for the holiday time. Yella, a new opera, will be brought out at the Tivoli at Morris. Modjeska will revive *Cymbeline* at the Baldwin. Wednesday matinees are novelties at the Baldwin. The Cleveland-Haverly Minstrels are responsible. The Bush Theatre will be remodeled at a cost of \$200,000. Harry Mann, brother

NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK - - NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Will It Be Done?

A new administration of the national Government having come to power, it is right and proper that its attention should be summoned promptly to the intellectual wants of the country. Our fifty millions have been roused and engrossed with providing for the material necessities and settling questions of trade. Other interests, affecting directly and indirectly the social condition and welfare, challenge consideration.

Measures are required to be speedily taken to allay the fearful fermentation which strikes the whole body politic and enervates the vitality and denaturalizes the power and influence of our people.

Apparently independent, we are allowing ourselves to be subordinated by the writers of other countries, who dominate at all points of the compass with their novels, plays and other outpourings of the press, unchecked by sanitary or legal intervention, and have their way with the minds of our committees to make such impressions as subserve alien proclivities and set aside all national efforts to secure a hearing.

The time has arrived for Americans to take a hand in and to make a loud and sturdy onset to secure from the new Congress protection to our authors, a clear field and, by a patriotic array, drive back the hordes of foreign (so-called) literature which monopolize the market.

A carefully-constructed international copyright will probably reach the grievance-amend our condition as a people who should think for themselves and breathe an unpolluted home atmosphere.

Now, law-givers, will you accept the honor and the responsibility of making this the first act of the new departure?

By Brevet.

A principal duty of an honest journal is to watch at the gate of the fold lest wolves and false pretenders slip in under a plausible disguise. The country swarms with a horde who thrust themselves into callings and positions where they have no legitimate right to admission. They jingle ostentatiously, in their application, for the purpose of giving face to their claims, coppers which they would have pass for genuine coin.

A shoemaker cobbles up a few thousand dollars and he presents himself as an impresario and promoter of the arts. By many a side lift, accomplished by extrinsic means furnished from trade, speculation or inheritance, is a meretricious hearing secured for mere jobbers, while the penniless author is kept at a distance, looking on while the enterprising manager counts the checks of the experimental outsider.

A woman, nearly related to a popular official, all at once starts up like Jack-in-the-box with the pronouncement that she is soon to make her appearance at a certain theatre, with a sumptuous wardrobe, in a piece, fully furnished with new scenery and costly equipment of the "first intention."

The cash invested is not the regular capital of the house, which would naturally engage the best dramatic ability and give the legitimate and cultured aspirant a chance, instead of "knocking him out" with a sandbag, wielded by some popinjay money-cobbler. A moment's reflection will show the great injury worked upon the amusement world by these fictitious occupants of the stage. The pretender commands attention to the outlary of the genuine artist and expert. Many theatres are run by undisguised novices and ambitious greenhorns, and the plays correspond with the machinery and the wire-pullers which project the upset and onset.

These methods are a flat reversal of the duty of the manager who assumes to be a high priest and pure-handed hierophant of a temple of art. They drag him into the very slums of trade and brand him as conducting his business from night to night and day to day under false pretences.

Announcement.

It was our intention to publish the Christmas number of THE MIRROR on Dec. 1, but owing to the elaborate nature of the many attractive features and the preparations for an even larger edition than was first contemplated, we have finally fixed on Saturday Dec. 8—one week later—as the date of its appearance.

"Thou Shalt Not Steal!"

The greatest affliction under which this country suffers at the present time is piracy. Since it first waved the black flag on these shores not a day has passed in which it has not waved its sable pennant over this land. It has not sailed away along the Spanish Main boarding the rich galleons and raking in pieces of eight by the thousand; but the contemporary free-booter confines his maraudings to the land.

His appearance is not made in the red shirt and "Avast there!" of Kidd and his compeers on the high seas, but he projects himself as an honest tradesman with a pen behind his ear in the semiclerical suit of the theatrical or operatic impresario.

Under this transformation he plays his part and seizes upon any volume, book or score which crosses the ocean, and without the slightest regard to the original creator or owner of the same proceeds to make merchandise of it and even boasts that he has been the first to lay hands upon it.

Having feloniously thus possessed himself of another man's property, he assumes to establish himself as the rightful owner, and groans fearfully if any rival Robert Macaire, unscarred by the squeak of his snuff-box, dares to approach with any predatory intent.

Fraud is a very fertile tree and wherever you find it planted you will find collateral frauds sticking out and taking root like the banyan.

Then the first self-seizing adventurer cries out to his self-appointed partner: "Pay me my royalties for the use of that play!"

More or less of a virtuous outcry is raised against the second-handler and the fictitious right to the work, for which the pious criminal never paid a cent; all at once he appears in the field as the vindicator of literary and dramatic right and a mighty stickler for sham possession. As he presents himself at the bedside of the sympathizing public it is clearly a case of Esau passing himself off for Jacob.

What is the net result of all this bugger-mugger in regard to plays and books belonging to authors who are unrecognized, and the products of whose brains are scrambled for by unknown parties who have no jot or tittle in the fee-simple nor the least shadow of a right to use it?

Clearly the law of right and wrong having been upset, every man disposed to deal with the public who has in him the slightest taint of the picaresque rushes out from under cover and seizes the plunder, whether to be found in first, second or any other hands.

We can readily see that the failure to pay rightful royalties or royalties under any other name and the procurement of the use of successful plays, cut and dried, free of any author's tax—puts aside any author who may come forward as claimant of a share of the earnings of his own work.

Managers have at their command a constant supply of plays which supersede entirely the necessity of calling upon the home author to furnish such work and forbids to him even a hearing for his productions.

In France, which we rate below ourselves on the score of moral sense, it is outlary for a manager to miss the payment of a single royalty to the author of a play.

The reader has no doubt observed the headline of this article—in conformity with which we would respectfully and reverently suggest that if preachers would give an occasional sermon to the suppression of piracy, under the text we have furnished, addressed especially to book and play robbers, we think they would render the greatest service to the cause of morality and religion and help to clear away the rubbish and rubbish robbers and restore to the literature and drama of the country its dominant and purging influences.

Personal.

ARCHER.—Pretty Belle Archer of the Lord Chumley company, is pictured on our title-page this week.

EMMET.—A large and lifelike portrait in oil of J. K. Emmet as Fritz has just been completed by Saroy.

MASON.—It is announced that Jack Mason and May Yohe were married at Camden, N. J., on Sunday, Nov. 4.

STEVENS.—John A. Stevens is writing a novel, "Unknown, A River Mystery," founded on his play of that name.

THORNDYKE.—Louise Thorndyke is shortly to go on a starring tour supported by members of the Madison Square School of Acting.

SEDGWICK.—Helen Sedgwick is reported to have scored a success as Mam'zelle in Mam'zelle and Daisy in Capers with the Kimball Merriemakers.

MORELAND.—Beatrice Moreland is winning golden tribute from the Philadelphia press for her work as Rachel McCreery with the Palmer's Theatre Held by the Enemy company.

HOPPER.—De Wolf Hopper writes from Philadelphia to a friend in this city that "We boys are getting — for our monkey business out here, but the salary takes the sting out of it."

MERRON.—Eleanor Merron has made a hit as the Countess in Fedora with Fanny Davenport. Miss Merron generally gets a call after her best scene, which is more than her predecessors won.

MARTINOT.—Sadie Martinot will make her first public appearance in this city in three years at the Broadway Theatre for the benefit of the Actors' Fund this (Thursday) afternoon, rendering two new songs.

CLEMENTINE.—Ullie Clementine de Verre, the prima donna of the Campanini Opera troupe, arrived from France on Sunday by La Gascogne, and will make her debut on Friday evening at Steinway Hall.

LINGARD.—Nellie Lingard, who is resting in London at the present moment, intends returning to America in December for a brief visit in order to settle up some family affairs. She will probably be accompanied by Miss Cone.

KENT.—S. Miller Kent, leading man of the Nat C. Goodwin company, has been in the city for several weeks past, suffering from ophthalmia, which has forced him to relinquish his engagement for the time being. He will return to Nat Goodwin's company next Monday night at Pittsburg, after an absence of three weeks.

LYONS.—There are those who seem to think that our contributor, Alfred Ayres, never has a good word to say of anybody. If they could hear him express his opinion of E. D. Lyons' Nick Bottom they would modify their opinion of him. According to Mr. Ayres' judgment Mr. Lyons is far and away the most artistic player in the Midsummer Night's Dream cast.

AISTON.—Arthur C. Aiston, who was correspondent for THE MIRROR at Holyoke, Mass., for the last three years, has resigned a mercantile position in that city to join the Adams and Cook Dramatic company as business manager and treasurer. Mr. Aiston is a bright young man, with thorough business training, and his many friends will wish him prosperity in his new vocation.

SHERIDAN.—Emma V. Sheridan continues to be the most successful feature of Mr. Mansfield's company in London. Of her acting in Prince Karl the *Whithall Review* a discriminating journal, says: "In Miss Emma Sheridan we have a polished comedienne—and this is all the more remarkable to note, because it will be remembered that this actress was the only one of the company who struck a chord of sympathy between stage and audience in the Parisian Romance. Miss Sheridan has many smart and telling methods of bringing out the comedy spirit that is in her." Miss Sheridan will return to New York at the end of this month.

Paris News.

PARIS, Nov. 1, 1888.

M. Maret's report on the subsidized theatres of Paris, a document prepared for the Budget committee, is in the hands of the Deputies. According to M. Maret's statistics the Opera and Opera Comique are still in anything but a flourishing condition, and the only establishment of public entertainment under official patronage and support which seems to have come prosperously out of the crisis is the Odeon, a second Theatre Francais.

The great Comedie Francaise itself, the "House of Moliere," which stands near the entrance to the Palais Royal, has, notwithstanding its brilliant company and splendid repertory of ancient and modern dramatic masterpieces, been obliged to struggle with a considerable amount of adverse fortune. According to M. Maret's figures the management of the Grand Opera had spent up to June, 1888, 1,930,000, or £77,300 sterling. There is an excess of expenditure over that for a corresponding period of last year amounting to nearly £700. This, according to the reporter, is due to the failure of the Dame de Monsoreau and to the augmentation of the sums due for author's rights. The managers also complain of the increasing difficulties connected with the recruiting of the artistic corps of the theatre. They hope to recoup their losses

during the ensuing financial year at least to a considerable extent by producing Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, which will be given with a ballet; by a new work, which M. de Saint-Saens is preparing for the beginning of next year, and by the ballet of the Tempest, composed by M. Ambrose Thomas, which will be produced in the Spring of 1889. According to the schedule of salaries which accompanies the report, M. Lassalle, a baritone, is the highest paid singer at the Opera. He receives 88,000, or £3,520 for an engagement of eight months' duration. Madame Richard, a contralto, comes next, with £2,000 for ten months' engagement. Next in order follow M. Escalais, tenor; M. Melchisedec, baritone; M. J. de Reszke, tenor; M. E. de Reszke, bass, and Madame Lureau Escalais, soprano. The best paid danseuse is Madame Mauri at £1,600.

It is needless to refer to the Opera Comique, as that establishment has had to contend with enormous difficulties owing to the fire. The receipts for the Comedie-Francaise for the first half of the present year have been £56,900 sterling, while the expenditure has been nearly £38,000. The Odeon has, on the other hand, a balance of 35,000, for the season 1887-88, and the theatre is beginning to pay. M. Maret's figures have been subjected to a good deal of sarcastic remark, but they are significant and give a bad account of the affairs of leading theatres.

M. Bouffe, the *deyen* of French comedians, and who was once as well known in London as he was in Paris, has just died in his little villa at Auteuil, in his eighty-eighth year. He was best known as the inflexible impersonator of Le Gamin de Paris, Michel Perrin, Pauvre Jacques and other characters. He was in London in 1831. Bouffe retired from the stage in 1864, when he had a brilliant benefit at the Opera, under the special patronage of the Emperor Napoleon III., who, while an exile in England, had frequently applauded and patronized the veteran comedian during the visits of the latter to the British metropolis. The aged actor died, as he had desired, in his salon, surrounded by the artistic curiosities which he had collected during his long lifetime. Bouffe's dwelling contains, in fact, a singular medley of articles of vertu, paintings and bric-a-brac.

It is called "Beranger's Hamlet," and is surrounded by trees. Over the facade of the villa is a statue of the Madonna and Child, while the rooms are full of pictures, either originals or copies of the Italian masters. In the salon is a vast canvas representing the late owner of the house in his various histrionic creations. The comedian's life was embittered by the loss of a little daughter, who died just as her father, with his heart almost breaking, was putting "an antic disposition on" as Rigold in a comic piece of Paul de Kock's. Bouffe had torn himself away from his daughter's bedside in order to keep his engagement at the theatre, and the public, having heard that the little girl died while her father was on the stage, gave him several rounds of applause as a token of condolence.

HOWARD PAUL.

Actors' Fund Jottings.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees was held last Thursday afternoon. There were present President A. M. Palmer, Second Vice-President William Henderson, Secretary Harrison Grey Fiske, Treasurer T. H. French, Louis Aldrich, Martin W. Hanley, Edmund C. Stanton, Anton'o Pastor, Edwin Knowles and Harry Watkins. The Secretary's report showed that there had been expended for relief and funerals during the month of October the sum of \$1,366 15. Chairman Aldrich, of the Membership Committee, reported that there had been received for membership dues the current year to date the sum of \$1,250 and \$100 for life memberships. The Reading Room and Library Committee, through Chairman Watkins, reported that 11,596 professionals had visited the reading rooms during the month of October, an average of 426 a day. Chairman Aldrich, of the Dramatic Bureau Committee, presented a report showing that the bureau was in a flourishing condition. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Fanny Davenport for a fine bust of her father, E. L. Davenport, presented by her to the Fund, and to U. S. J. Dunbar, of Washington, D. C., who presented a handsome medallion of John T. Raymond. The trustees adjourned to meet on Thursday, Dec. 6.

Two thousand three hundred and nineteen professionals visited the Fund rooms during the week ending Nov. 10, an average of three hundred and eighty seven. Books for the use of the sick continue to come in, the latest donor being Eleanor Merron, of Fanny Davenport's company.

Clay Greene's New Works.

Clay M. Greene is a busy dramatist, but the other day he found time to tell a MIRROR reporter just what he is doing.

"You know, of course, that I am through with Under the Polar Star, which is to be produced here next Spring, and that all the work connected with Fred Bryton's new play is not yet done. Besides, I have localized and made a number of changes in Frank Harvey's A Woman's Glory for Kate Claxton, who intends putting the play on in this city for a run. I consider this play, by the way, the best that Mr. Harvey has ever written."

"I am now engaged on a libretto for an American opera bouffe, the music of which will be by Thomas P. Thorne. The piece is founded on Longfellow's poem, 'Miles Standish.' The Mayflower and The Pilgrim fathers are dealt with in a humorous manner. I have great hopes of this work, for there is abundant opportunity in the theme, and Mr. Thorne is writing some very good music. I've also made a contract to write a farce-comedy for Barney Fagin, the well-known specialist, at present with Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels."

The Christmas Mirror.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, the celebrated novelist—author of "Her Lord and Master," "Love's Conflict" and other popular works of fiction—has written an absorbing story for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, entitled "A Garden Courtship, and What Came of It."

A brilliant social satire, "Mr. Tuck's Edo" and a piece of clever verse in the Gilbertian vein are NYM CRINKLE'S contributions.

RCSINA VOKES will tell about a memorable experience "One Christmas Night."

MINNIE MADDEN has written and composed a charming tenor song for it.

M. CONSTANT COQUELIN, the distinguished French actor, has written a brilliant article especially for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. In it are cleverly contrasted the lives and works of the greatest English and French playwrights, with characteristic and witty comments by the author.

CORA TANNER is the author of a capital story of Hoveler life which will appear in it.

"BAB" whose vivacious Babbie is a newspaper feature the country over, will chat vivaciously on a topic of special interest to actresses.

KATE CLAXTON, EMMA V. SHERIDAN, VIOLA ALLEN, LOIS FULLER, FANNY RICE and SYDNEY COWELL will be numbered among its fair poets.

The singular "Adventure of a Dress Coat" will be related by ODETTE TYLER.

W. J. FLORENCE, who is among the most skillful writers in the profession, has contributed a delicious *mercant*.

WILLIAM WINTER—than whom we have no American writer with a style more richly poetical and charmingly picturesque—has written a delightful descriptive account of "A Ramble Among the English Lakes," with Henry Irving, Frank Marshall and Ernest Bendall for companions. It will be one of the many literary treats of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

WILLIAM GILLETTE will tell about "A Good Thing Done by a Plumber." Such an instance is so rare that it is well worth perpetuation in immortal verse by the gifted author of Held by the Enemy.

EDWARD H. SOTHERN will contribute a sketch.

HERMANN, the prestidigitateur, will tell a laughable story of the manner in which he played some tricks on the customs officials of the Russian frontier.

The CHRISTMAS MIRROR will be profusely illustrated. It will contain cartoons, comic sketches, portraits, artistic embellishments, decorative initial letters and special illustrations by C. DE GRIMM, "Zim," of Judge; HENRY E. HOYT, E. DARCKE, BEATRICE MORGAN ("But"), F. W. MONAHAN, F. RAMSDEN, WALTER GOATER, BODFISH and other well-known artists.

FRED SOLOMON, the popular Casino comedian, has written and composed a melodious Christmas ballad.

MILTON NOBLES will have something to say about "Wrecked Geniuses."

There is no man who knows metropolitan low life better than EDWARD HARRIGAN and none who can better depict or describe it. In the CHRISTMAS MIRROR Mr. HARRIGAN will be represented by a story whose scene is laid among the Squatters in Shantytown and which brims over with characteristic humor and pathos.

The young poet, JOHN ERNEST McCANN, has written some rhythmic verses on "An Incident in the Life of Monsieur Duval."

ALBERT ELLERY BERG will describe the spectre that sits behind a good many men "At the Banquet."

The supplement to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR will be an exquisite work of art, which will equal the best work of this description that any publisher has yet sent out. It is an attractive theatrical subject.

MAX ELIOT, of the Boston Herald, will describe a curious birthday book which has been filled with the autographs and sentiments of famous people.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD, the bright librettist and playwright, has had some dreadful and dramatic exploits with a gift dog named "Spider," who is as much of a terror to the God-fearing inhabitants of Yonkers as John L. Sullivan is—or used to be—to his rivals in the prize-ring. "Spider's" latest achievements form the subject of his master's contribution.

The colored frontispiece of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR will form the daintiest cover ever displayed on the news-stands.

Little is known in this country about the French Dramatic Revue, but the celebrated cosmopolite HOWARD PAUL will elucidate that peculiarly Gallic form of entertainment and trace its origin and history, too.

FRANK DANIELS was once the central figure of an amusing occurrence in Liverpool, which he has woven into a short story.

GEORGE H. JESSOP, the dramatic author, has written a charming poem, "The Old Drop-Curtain."

Ex-Judge A. J. DITTENHOFFER, with the lucidity and authority of an expert, defines the scope and the limits of "Theatrical Contracts" in the article he has prepared for this number. Actors and managers are alike deeply interested in contracts, but of the legal value of those documents they actually know very little. Judge DITTENHOFFER's paper will explain away many common errors and prove of excellent service to the profession by making the rather misty subject as clear as sunlight.

"My First Show" is the title of TONY PASTOR's contribution.

SYDNEY CHIDLEY, the scenic artist, will have a short story entitled "Spirito's Christmas Eve."

ROWLAND BUCKSTONE will recall a humorous episode connected with his celebrated father.

JOSEPH HOWARD, JR. will let people into the secrets of getting up a big spectacle in New York in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

SYDNEY DREW, the bright particular star of A Legal Wreck, will narrate a personal incident.

The CHRISTMAS MIRROR will number Mrs. JAMES BROWN POTTER, MARY FISKE, the brilliant author of "Philip Herne," CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, ESTELLE CLAYTON, MRS. SHAW, the whistler, HELEN TEN BROECK and ELEANOR MERRON among its distinguished and numerous body of special writers.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Yubee Singers gave an entertainment at the Rink 8th. A large audience was present and very lightful evening spent.

14-15. New Westminster 16. Victoria 17. Port To
end, Wash. Ter., 19. Seattle 20-21. Tacoma
Astoria, Ore., 24. Portland 26—week.

3. **MME. NEUVILLE'S CO.:** Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 12—
Titusville, Pa., 19. New Castle 20, Steubenville, C.

her vitality. Mary Anderson's acting has shown these faculties and attributes, and therefore it is right to hail her as a great actress.

Gossip of the Town.

Ilma Di Murska sailed for Germany Saturday on the *Eider*.

Davenport Bebus has been engaged for Clara Morris' company.

Mme. Fursch Madi arrived from Germany on the *Saale* on Saturday last.

R. M. Hickman, recent ly of Kate Claxton's support, has been engaged by J. K. Emmet.

G. O. Starr, Barnum and Bailey's travelling agent, and Mrs. Starr (Zazel), sailed on Saturday on the *Umbria*.

On dit that Rose Coghlan and her new play, *Ocelyn*, are booked at the Broadway Theatre for six weeks this season.

Kate Purcell will open her season in a reconstructed version of *The Queen of the Plains* at Baltimore on next Monday night.

The fiftieth performance of *The Yeomen of the Guard* will take place at the Casino on Dec. 4, when appropriate and beautiful couvenirs are to be distributed.

Helene, the play by Miss M. Morton, of this city, which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Spring, will probably be presented by Clara Morris during her engagement in New Orleans.

Fri. Alma Fohstroom, Herr Wilhelm Sedl-nayer, Herr Eugene Weiss, Herr Ludwig Modlinger and Herr Joseph Beck, of the Metropolitan Opera House company, arrived from Germany on the *Saale* on Saturday last.

A new hunting and fishing club, with pre-er in Canada, was organized on Thursday last in this city. It includes among its members J. Charles Davis, Kit Clarke, J. Kline Emmet, Jr., Charles B. Jefferson, H. S. Taylor and others.

A handsome new set of offices on Upper Broadway will shortly be taken possession of by J. Charles Davis, representing all of Harry Miner's attractions. Mr. Davis will not re-linishing his position as manager of the Peo-ple's Theatre, but merely divide his attention between the two places.

New York Mirror Annual

AND

Directory of the American Theatrical Profession, for 1888.

[SECOND EDITION.]

Containing—Chronological Dramatic Record; Necrology for 1887; Dramatic Bibliography; Text of the In-ter-State Commerce Law; Complete List of Stars, Com-munations and Stock Companies; Directory of the Thea-trical Profession, giving names and addresses of 4,037 actors, actresses, managers, dramatists, etc., and a Synopsis General Index. It is a handsome octavo vol-ume, 208 pages, printed on fine paper and bound in cloth.

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As Nancy Dunks in A Legal Wreck
Madison Square Theatre.

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H. HERBERT HALL WINSLOW. Dramatist.
Author of *Chip of the Old Block*, etc.
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JAMES L. CARHART. As Seth Preme in H. B. Jacobs' *Lights of London*.
Season 1888-9.

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HOWARD'S TALK.

THE PROFESSION INSULTED AND SLANDERED IN "THE SUN"—ITS LIST OF ARISTOCRATS DISSECTED—IS THE "MANAGER" IT QUOTES A MYTH?—IF NOT, WHO IS HE?

The lion and the lamb, capital and labor, managers and actors—when these antipodes come together, when peace, concord and common sense reign, the much-predicted millennial period will begin. Rich men never weary of sneering at poor men. Lions find lambs a toothful morsel, and, if one may judge of the structure from a brick, if one may infer the feeling of managers in general from the utterances of one in particular, those demigods not only have no respect for actors, but don't hesitate to express their sentiments, so that all the world may read and know, that they are built of different clay, fashioned in different form, fired by different ambitions, destined to different ends.

See the *Sun* of Nov. 11.

Read a column and a half headed thus:

ODD TALK OF A MANAGER.

ACTORS CAN'T GET INTO SOCIETY BECAUSE THEY TRY TO "MASH."

THEY ARE GOOD FELLOWS, BUT NO MAN WANTS THEM AT HIS HOME—THE STAGE OF TO DAY DEMANDS A NEW ACCESS FIT TO SUCCEED.

Let me summarize its points and draw from them what seems to me to be a very instructive lesson for men, and women, too, who utilize unusual mentality, rare physical gifts, and an interest in the affairs of their employers, rarely manifested in other lines of life. The manager, speaking through an interviewer, announces that, having been in the business twenty years, he knows of what he speaks, and that the most remarkable thing about an actor is his enormous estimate of his position in the world. Surely there can be no fault found with one who regards his calling with respect, who congratulates himself that he is a member of this, that or the other profession. Without seal no man amounts to anything. Indifference is the curse in all great establishments. Industrious interest is what sensible employers highly prize, and, if it be a fact that actors, by and large, do have an exalted estimate of their position in the world, is it not because they thoroughly appreciate the power for good or evil that the stage might be made? If we had conscientious managers who also placed an enormous estimate upon their position, would it not be for the betterment of the stage itself? The sneer, however, not the compliment, is the point to be noticed, and it is the point that was intended, obviously, because the manager goes on to recount the unpleasant experience of Kyrie Bellew when he "attempted to force himself into the company of gentlemen at Tuxedo Park and learned suddenly that actors are not tolerated in good society." Drawing from this incident a conclusion, the manager adds: "There has not been for many years an actor in New York who has succeeded in getting even one foot within the portals of an aristocratic family. In this I speak by the card, for I know the men thoroughly and am acquainted with all their little ambitions and experiences."

What then is an aristocratic family?

Further on, in illustration of the point made, we are shown what, in the judgment of this manager, is an aristocratic family, for, after chronicling that Lester Wallack never succeeded in getting into society, and that Billy Florence had been blackballed at the Union Club because he was an actor, he asks: "When was he ever invited to dine with the Astors, Winslows, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Kernochans, Wilsons, Cuttings?"

Well now, let's look at this list of aristocrats.

That Lester Wallack was a man of the world, with a handsome head packed with clear ideas, with a charming manner, indeed a most interesting personality, is universally conceded. That his father was quite the same, and his grandfather the same, are also universally conceded. There are scores of men living who remember Wallack's father, and who know, by family records, that the Wallacks have for generations been gentlemen.

I wonder if the manager ever read the history of John Jacob Astor, who peddled about the streets of New York, a man of unquestioned natural ability, but utterly uninformed outside of his own affairs, without social, family or any other status, a man who absolutely created from nothing an imperial fortune, but who started in this country as other ambitious but poverty-stricken people start! A man who left his own land because he had to, or starve. His father was a butcher and he was brought up slaughtering animals, curing their flesh, making sausage meat, as his brothers were. He ran away from home when he was seven years old, with but two dollars in his pocket, and, as he himself said, "Soon after I left the village I sat down beneath a tree to rest, and there I made three resolutions, to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble." No need to recount the story of that man's life. He had an ambition. Wealth honestly obtained was his goal, and he secured it, leaving vast estates to his children, which his grandchildren enjoy to-day, not having earned a dollar of it themselves, preserving, however, the Astor type of manhood and integrity in all affairs, and receiving as their reward the allot-

ment of an "aristocrat," from a manager, who points, with a sneer, to the fact that the actors in his employ, by the sweat of whose brow he makes his income, are so far beneath social recognition that the grandchildren of a German butcher have never invited them to put even one foot beyond the portals of their mansions.

The Winslows I don't know anything about. The Vanderbilts we know all about. The present generation are men of honest purpose and conscientious endeavor. Their father, William H., was a man who, until long past middle life, was regarded as a fool by his father, but who, foolish as he may have been, managed to double the enormous legacy bequeathed him by his father, and to leave it to his children. The founder of the family, Cornelius, started as a flat boatman, and was aided by his wife. In his early days, by his daring ingenuity, cleverness and skill, he passed rapidly to the front of our millionaires and left, in money, over a hundred millions of dollars to his children, but no reputation as a man of education, of broad views, of culture, of any attainment in the line of refinement whatever. Yet it is to this that the manager points his actors, and says, "You can have no social status because the grandchildren of a flat boatman don't invite you to their homes."

In view of sundry legal developments during the past few years, would anybody consider it a matter of special compliment to be invited to the house of Brother Cutting; and who are the Wilsons?

It seems to me thus far that the honors are easy with the actors, because, if these are the aristocrats, it will hardly be claimed that they have any other right to such title, save that which is conferred by wealth, and a wealth made for them by preceding generations. It is quite possible that actors are not invited to what are technically known as the best houses in New York, but I doubt very much if it is because they are actors. Can we not find artists, literary men and women, who are not upon the visiting lists of these people, and is it possible in a great city like this, where circle ignores circle, where even religion is divided into denominations, and denominations into sects, and sects into individual parishes, and parishes into cliques, to say that this, that or the other is a special circle? A band of men noted for their wealth may get together, but so may a company of men noted for their learning, and the rich would feel quite as much out of place in a circle of the latter, as the learned would feel *de trop* in a gathering of the former.

But the manager wades in muddier water. "The fact is," said he, "the name actor and masquer are almost synonyms. Of course you will not quote my name in this talk, because I am talking very freely, and actors never forgive people who tell the truth about them."

Right here let me make a point.

I have been writing, more or less, about the stage and its people for twenty-eight years. In my scrap-books are very many letters of recognition from men and women, high and low, in the profession—letters of gratitude which I highly prize. In spite of that, however, I have noticed, as all writers notice, that while one may write columns of eulogy concerning productions and producers, without receiving, or indeed desiring, the faintest sign of thoughtful recognition from the parties praised, if in honest criticism he ventures to suggest that a certain reading is not in line with sense, that certain declamation is effusive or inappropriate, that costumes are incorrect, he finds a frigidity in the manner of the party alluded to, a coolness which often breeds discourtesy, a discourtesy which at times runs into absolute insult. The manager is right when he says that "actors never forgive people who tell the truth about them," assuming, of course, that he means people who write or speak truthfully in adverse criticism. I think our actor friends are supersensitive, a point for which I can readily find excuse; a point, nevertheless, which it would be wise and well for them to consider when reading or listening to criticisms which are honestly made and fairly based in common sense review.

The manager, continuing, says that while he would not hesitate to introduce to his family at his place in the country, a handsome, well-dressed young broker, lawyer or doctor, and to ask him to spend a week or two in his house, he would not for an instant permit an actor to cross the threshold of his door.

Now that's a nice kind of a manager to associate with.

That's the kind of a man I should like to sign with if I was an actor, whom I would feel confidence in, in going to for advice, to whom I would apply to for counsel and direction. He is such a happy dispositioned, generous natured individual, that he must be overwhelmed day in and day out, by men and women who, like all men and women, look for leadership and counsel and discreet utterance, in men better placed in life than they. But why wouldn't this manager feel like inviting actors, as well as doctors and lawyers and so on? Because, he says, that "out of twenty young and well dressed actors, nineteen would attempt to make love to my cooks or chambermaids, and be guilty of any discretion for the purpose of practicing their irresistible mashing proclivities!" I can conceive of no more wholesale libel, no more gratuitous insult to a class than this, given by a man who should be proud of those whom he utilizes, and from whom he makes a living. "Nineteen in every

twenty would make love to his cooks and his chambermaids!"

The home of this manager must be a charming place.

His cooks must be attractive personalities, and his chambermaids must be madonnas in disguise, and as for the young girls who visit his house, they must be either angels in disguise, so tempting are they, or very silly-headed little noodles, so weak and backboneless are they in self-respect. Actors, he says, are not more dangerous than other men, but they are more pushing and consciencious.

But the manager goes for the women as well.

He says: "Actors are not received in society in New York, nor for that matter are actresses. Occasionally Mary Anderson will be received by Sorosis, but Sorosis has no social position." "A man may play a gentleman to perfection on the boards, and have very misty and remote ideas of gentlemanly conduct in the drawing-room."

That I don't believe.

A man may simulate a villain, he can make up for a sneak, a coward, a thief, an assassin, a Rip Van Winkle, but unless he has the instincts he cannot portray a gentleman. Without any excuse whatever, the manager then takes hold of several men well known upon the stage, and indulges in very grave strictures upon their looks, bearing and habits when off the stage. But continuing about the ladies, he says that "not one woman in fifty looks half as well off the stage as on. The fact is that those on the stage of New York at the present day are not particularly impressive. The lapse of time has told on them. People ask us why we don't get young, pretty and attractive girls to appear before our audiences. If people only knew how eagerly and earnestly we sought for them, their criticism would be turned to sympathy."

Without self-respect, a very different thing by the way from self-esteem, no man, and therefore no class of men, can be regarded with respect by the public at large. Actors know, and one would suppose that managers who deal with actors would also know, that there is no calling which requires more careful study, more intelligent delving for meanings, more tireless industry, more constant thought of mental effort and physical appearance, than the stage. A drinking actor, who gambles, who swaggers about town, who frequents bar-rooms, who engages in brawls, who associates with the dissolute, has no self-respect, therefore he must not be surprised if people have no respect for him. But what has that to do with his bearing upon the stage, why should he be judged in these developments as an actor? The public have no right to judge him as an actor, or to speak of him as an actor, save for what he does upon the stage. The moment he leaves the backdoor of a theatre, he becomes an individual, a private, ordinary citizen. What would be thought of a leading physician if he should inveigh against physicians, because some particular doctor indulged in excessive drink, or in beastly orgies of any nature? If he were attentive to his business, if he did cure his patients, he should be spoken of with respect, so far as his calling is concerned, while his conduct as an individual might merit severest reprobation. The fact that General Grant drank an inordinate quantity of whiskey, when he was in command of our armies, didn't make him the less a good soldier. It lowered him in the minds of thinking people, but did it change his position, his relative merit, as the chief soldier in the armies of the Union? A man may attain eminence as an artist. His pictures may be the talk of the world, and yet he indulge in conduct which all decent people would regard with abhorrence. What would be thought of a critic who should inveigh against artists, and say that no man who worked in a studio could be received by the aristocrats, simply because a few or many indulged in doings that the public at large didn't approve of? So it seems to me that this manager has gone desperately out of his way, to sling slurs at both the men and the women of the stage, when he says that men and women are not received in society because they are actors.

In the first place he is wrong.

There is not a home in New York City in which Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, William J. Florence—and I mention these names because they are leaders, not that they are any better than hundreds of other gentlemen whom I could name—could not enter. Without applying the stigma "aristocrat" to Cornelius Vanderbilt, but regarding him simply as a methodical man of business, and a Christian gentleman, I should think very much less of him than I do if I believed that he would not welcome any one of these gentlemen in his parlor and at his table. The fact of the business is, this manager looks at it from a totally crooked point of view. Men and women of eminence are children of genius. Children of genius have from time immemorial been welcome, regardless of any special demerit there might be in their composition. Many a man is welcomed here, there and everywhere because he is an actor.

Actors masquers?

Why, the world is full of masquers. There are men in every calling who consider themselves irresistible, and who are not content with the honest affection of a few, but seek the admiration of the many. I guarantee to find as many clergymen to day who indulge in what the manager calls mashing as he can find actors.

It seems to me as if the whole interview was an ill-considered, ill-timed, ill-conceived ill-digested assault upon a class of exceptionally active industrials.

By the way, I wonder how many aristocrats our manager visits?

POINTS.

The best work I have seen this week is done in the duel scene of Mr. Barnes, by Mr. Gibbs. Sothern's welcome in Boston was uproarious. Booth and Barrett sat in a Casino box last

Friday night as solemn as owls. They have aged perceptibly.

Frederic Robinson has returned, in love with Denver. Perhaps he is prejudiced because Denver likes him.

HOWARD.

A big theatrical scheme is said to be on foot in which Samuel French and Son will be heavily interested. The details of the enterprise however will not be furnished until arrangements are completed, and then the news will come from the other side of the Atlantic.

THE Christmas Number OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON

Saturday, Dec. 8.

This publication will be complete in itself, and separate and distinct from the regular issue of THE MIRROR on Thursday of the same week.

The great circulation achieved by the last holiday number and the universal favor with which its new form was received have led to even more elaborate preparations this year, and the assurance is warranted that the CHRISTMAS MIRROR for 1888 will eclipse the best of its predecessors in the variety and excellence of its literary attractions, in the beauty and novelty of its artistic features, and in its typographical elegance.

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Herrmann Talks.

Herrmann, the prestidigitator, is an enthusiastic American, having become a citizen in 1876. In conversation recently with a Mirror correspondent on this topic, he said:

"Although I have been three times around the world, the journey was never finished before I had a longing to return to America. The American people have been most kind to me, and while I have had the honor of appearing before all the crowned heads, and the King of Spain has bestowed upon me the royal decorations of that country, my fame belongs to America."

"Prestidigitation has become an art, and conjurers' tricks have to be surrounded with so much finesse and mystery that the simple forms of trickery that delighted our grandfathers would not be appreciated. Heller, for instance, whom I knew well, was a great magician, but the art of magic as other arts has advanced beyond what he and his contemporaries knew. The old conjurers had so one but themselves to look after. I have ten people with me on tour and 8,000 pounds of baggage."

"Did you ever hear how I astonished the King of Portugal? I had already finished some of my simple tricks, and the King looked upon me as a very devil. 'Now, sir,' I said, 'do me a favor, and choose one of your own pistols, load it with six bullets, which you may mark as you please.' He did so. 'Now fire at my hand!' I said. He protested, but was finally persuaded to try the experiment. When he had finished firing, I gave him five of the bullets, the sixth having penetrated a mirror a little above my shoulder. At my request the shattered mirror was covered with a curtain. I fired at it, and the curtain fell, the mirror standing intact before the astonished spectators."

"The first requirement of a magician is to know how to do his tricks, and then to practice them until perfection is attained. But with all the applause, the money and the fame that it brings it is not an enviable life—that of the magician—and I am always ready to go home. From the front it looks easy enough to do all these tricks, but there is a great deal of drudgery about them, and a magician earns every dollar that he gets."

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NOTICE!

To whom it may concern:

The undersigned, Proprietor of the
MOUNTAIN CITY THEATRE
Altoona, Pa.,

hereby gives notice that Mr. JOHN EASTENDIEK has been engaged to appear at the Mountain City Theatre, with a new and original play, "The Yodler," and has no longer any authority to do business for the Mountain City Theatre. With those or any other engagements of Mr. Eastendiek made previous to this date will, of course, be null and void.

Witness my hand and seal this 10th day of November, 1888.

W. L. PLACE, Acting Manager.

NOTICE.

BANDMANN.

Louise Beaudet and Co.

D. E. BANDMANN, now on his tour, will open his season about the end of November with a new play by Tom Taylor, entitled "HEAD ON ALIVE." He is accompanied by MRS. E. M. LELAND, and MRS. R. M. LELAND. Managers having open time.

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Mrs. R. M. LELAND, Manager.

Season and engagements during time at above house.

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